

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI, NO. 4683

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1900.

PRICE 2 CENTS

Full Evening Dress Suits.

Full Dress Shirts and Ties.
The Machurde Dress Shirt (patent bosom)
Silk and Satin Shirt Protectors.
Appropriate Jewelry for Full Dress.

Also, a Complete Line of Full Dress Suits to Let.

HENRY PEYSER & SON'S.

RAVE
over costumes
that have
been rarely
excelled on
the stage.

MUSIC HALL.
ONE WEEK, COMMENCING
Monday, Feb. 5th.
Matinee Daily, Except Monday.
CORSE PAYTON'S
Big Stock Company
Recognized to be the Best
Repertoire For The Week.

ADMIT
The scenery
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demonstrate
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ment of stage-
craft.

HEAR
The latest
songs sung by
the most pop-
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CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE!
People's Popular Prices.
MATINEES.....10c & 20c
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SEATS NOW ON SALE FOR THE ENTIRE
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ENJOY
The most
original nov-
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season.

Lumbermen's Outfits -

AXES, WEDGES, SLEDGES AND CROSS-CUT SAWS.

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ICE PICKS, ICE SAWS, ICE PLOWS, ICE TONGS,
ALL SIZES.

A. P. WENDELL & CO.'S
2 MARKET SQUARE.

FUR ROBES

OF THE BEST QUALITY ONLY

JOHN S. TILTON'S
Congress Street.

HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS

Try One And Be Convinced.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

Brief Notes From Kittery Gathered
for Herald Readers Today.

The brief announcement in the Herald last evening of the death of Mrs. Lucy A. Mitchell, wife of Hon. Horace Mitchell, was a severe shock to the entire community and the sudden ending of her esteemed life has caused great regret and sympathy from all who were acquainted with her.

Mrs. Mitchell had been afflicted with stomach trouble for some time, but was not apparently very ill, and attended a social gathering Tuesday evening. On Wednesday she was suddenly taken ill and a physician was summoned, but nothing serious was feared and Thursday morning she was seemingly better, when almost without warning she suffered a collapse and died.

Mrs. Mitchell was the second daughter of the late Aaron Frost of Kittery, and passed her whole life in her native town. In early womanhood she married Horace Mitchell, who, with her young daughter, Miss Ethel, have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their irreparable loss. Beside her husband and daughter, Mrs. Mitchell is survived by her mother and three sisters. Mrs. Bullard, Mrs. Bird and Mrs. Berry, all residing in Boston.

The funeral services will be held at the old Congregational church at Kittery Point at 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

The fifth annual reunion of the Kittery High School Alumni association will be held in Wentworth hall, Wednesday evening, Feb. 21, and the committee of arrangements are busy with plans for a pleasant gathering.

Stephen Boulter is passing a week in Somerville, the guest of his brother, Joseph Boulter.

The committee of arrangements for the High school anniversary the following dates for same: March 1, 2 and 3.

YORK.

York, Feb 1
Dr F W Smith, who has been confined to the house with an attack of sciatica, is able to be out again.

J W Bragdon still remains under the physician's care.

A reception was given by the Junior Christian Endeavor society of the Congregational church in the chapel Thursday evening. An interesting program was given by the children and ice cream and cake were served.

Owing to bereavement in the family of one of the young lady promoters of affair the subscription party will be postponed until a later date.

Mr and Mrs Edward S Marshall started this week for a trip to New York and Washington.

An entertainment will soon be given by local talent. It will consist of a short drama, followed by the musical comedy, Seven Old Ladies of Lavender Town. The latter was produced here several years ago, with great success, and as the young people of York never do things by halves, the success of the affair is certain.

William T Keen returned Thursday from a visit in Manchester and Boston.

Freeman Varrell was in Portland on Thursday attending the reception tendered Col Bryan.

A number from this town attended Sag Harbor at Music hall Thursday evening.

York was much in evidence in Portsmouth Thursday, and Col Bryan doubtless fully appreciated the honor thus shown him.

Ralph Hawkes plans to leave this week for an extensive trip to California where he will visit relatives.

During the winter months residents of York take considerable interest in following the movements of their summer guests, and the present winter has furnished a larger share than usual of material for gossip and commentary. Since the prosperous season of '99 passed many changes have occurred. Three prominent men have been summoned to the Great Unknown, and their forms and faces will be sorely missed at York Harbor. Hon John C Ropes, Dr F D Stackpole and Mr H C Snow, all of Boston, are men whose places cannot be filled, and their recent deaths have brought sorrow to the hearts of many in this town.

Senator Billy Mason whose rotund figure was a familiar sight last summer is now closely followed by the politicians of York who gather each evening to discuss his attacks upon the Transvaal war, etc, and whether urging pro or con all are interested in the stirring speeches of the senator from Illinois.

And only this week the more frivolous portion of society received with excited interest the news of the romantic marriage of Miss Mina Field and Mr John P Gibson as chronicled by the daily press. Both were leaders in aristocratic York Harbor and the consum-

mation of such an attachment, commenced at York and fostered by its sunny skies, was no surprise to the many who had witnessed Cupid's pranks throughout a gay season.

GREENLAND.

GREENLAND, Feb. 2.
Several people from here visited Portsmouth yesterday in order to hear the address of Hon. W. J. Bryan and those who heard him pronounced him to be one of the best orators ever heard on the political question.

Yesterday was a fierce day in town. Notwithstanding the cold wind that was blowing a gale the ice cutters on Winnicut river faced it the whole day.

There mill yard of S. S. Brackett is piled high with logs to be sawed. The logs were recently hauled there by farmers from this place and neighboring towns.

The Herald was in great demand last evening and was highly complimented by democrats and republicans alike for its fine likeness of William J. Bryan and its complete account of the demonstrations in Portsmouth.

The grocery stores are great places to gather the news of the coming March election, not an evening passing but some political argument is brought before the audience.

Why not get in line with Newcastle and petition for the trolley line through this town in the coming spring?

Some few people endeavored to obtain tickets for "Sag Harbor," the attraction at Music hall last evening but were unable on account of the large advance sale. It looks as though that place of amusement was getting to be very popular.

The mercury in town was flirting and casting sheep's eyes at the cipher point nearly all day yesterday and not a soul addressed the writer with that old chestnut, "Cold, ain't it?"

STATE NEWS.

At the annual meeting of the New Hampshire Library association, held in Concord on Wednesday, these officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Charles Stewart Pratt, Warner; vice presidents, Miss Whitcomb of Manchester, Miss Johnson of Berlin; secretary, Miss Grace Blanchard, Concord; treasurer, H. W. Denio, Concord.

The funeral services of Joshua L. Foster, editor of Foster's Daily Democrat, and one of the oldest and ablest editors in the state, were held at the family residence, 47 Central avenue, Dover, Thursday afternoon. They were attended by a large number of relatives and friends.

Dr. Charles Franklin Daubar, professor of political economy at Harvard college, died Thursday at his home in Cambridge, Mass., after an illness of several months. His death was probably hastened by the shock of the death of his wife, who passed away recently. Dr. Daubar was well known by all of the younger alumni of the Phillips Exeter academy, as he had served as a trustee of the school for many years.

Michael Flynn, the Dover young fellow who had his arm severely injured in a scoping machine while at work in the printery, Tuesday morning, is reported to be in a critical condition. The attending physician fears that the arm will have to be amputated.

Yesterday afternoon the directors of the Concord and Montreal railroad held a business meeting at the home of Benjamin A. Kimball in Concord. Resolutions on the death of the late Col. John A. White and John H. Pearson and Benjamin O. White of Concord were passed. Hiram Tuttle of Pittsfield was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the death of his brother. It was voted to immediately issue bonds authorized by vote of the corporation for the construction of the Manchester and Milford railroad.

The average reader will be amazed to learn that little New Hampshire, with less than 10,000 square miles, has no less than 406 lakes and ponds, 154 brooks, 73 rivers and 294 mountains. This makes Iowa look small. Colorado has a big state, has 525 creeks. Texas has comparatively few rivers. Lakes and rivers. Iowa has 663 creeks and 87 rivers. Minnesota has 222 lakes and 140 rivers. —New York Press.

Circulars have been sent out from the headquarters of the New Hampshire division, Sons of Veterans, and have been received by Manchester officers relative to an observance of Lincoln's birthday anniversary, which comes Feb. 12 which occasion will be celebrated by the Sons of Veterans as Union Defenders day. The circular urges that every camp make some observance of the day.

JANUARY WEATHER RECORD.

Was Colder on the Average Than for Past Thirty-Two Years.

The report of the weather for the month of January, by W. W. Flint of Concord, is as follows:

The mean temperature of the month was 20.9 degrees, being 3.10 of a degree warmer than that of January, 1899, and 3.10 of a degree colder than the average for the last 32 Januarys.

Rain fell on six days to the amount of 2.25 inches 1.29 inches greater than the rainfall of January, 1899, and 1.62 inches greater than the average for the last 45 years.

Snow fell on six days to the amount of 17.6 inches. The snowfall of January, 1899, was 8.8 inches. The average is 20.7 inches.

The total precipitation, including rain and melted snow, was 4.85 inches, being 2.33 inches greater than that of January, 1899, and 1.65 inches greater than the average.

The highest temperature was 52 degrees, on the 19th, and the lowest was 18.

There have been 13 clear days, 10 partly cloudy and 8 cloudy.

TELEGRAPHIC TIPS.

Hungary is preparing to buy fourteen million dollars' worth of war material.

The body of a murdered man was shipped from Baltimore to Sioux City in a box marked "books."

Mr Adelbert S. Hay, United States consul at Pretoria, is at Lourenzo Marquez, on the way to the Transvaal.

All is quiet in Samoa and the natives are more settled than at any time since the disturbance between the native factions.

The striking Boston cigar makers have returned to their jobs at their old pay.

The democrats in Paterson, N. Y., cannot get a ball for Bryan to speak in. Senator Quay is believed to have enough votes to win.

The republicans have not yet decided upon a candidate for the vice president.

All was quiet at Ladysmith up to last Tuesday.

The British navy is to be put on a war footing and two hundred thousand volunteers are to be called out for garrison duty.

TEA TABLE TALK.

So Bryan has come and gone. It all reminded me of a circus touring the land. Nine-tenths of the people who crowded into Philbrick hall on Thursday forenoon were actuated not by any desire to hear him expound his ideas and then to take them into their thoughts and assimilate them, but solely by an ambition to see him, just as they will push and jostle up to the monkey cage at the big tented show next summer, to get a look at the new chimpanzee, fresh from the jungles of Africa.

James A. Herne, the author-ac-or, whose Sag Harbor is delighting so many thousands this season, reached the fifty second milestone along his road of life on Thursday, and the members of his company remembered him with a number of appropriate gifts. Mr. Herne and the men and women with him are far from being bothouse products. In all the biting winds of Thursday, which made our streets almost deserted, they might have been seen walking about town and breathing in the brisk air as if it did their lungs worlds of good.

MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call at the Globe Grocery Co and get a trial bottle free. Regular size 50c, and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

COON CLUB'S NEXT.

The Coon club of New Hampshire, the state organization of active newspapermen, is to have an outing at Boston on Feb. 17. The arrangements are in charge of a committee of former Granite State newspapermen who are now in Boston. The gathering promises to be largely attended.

HOW MEDICINE HAT WAS NAMED.

Queer Appellation of the Champion Cold Weather Town.

"Yes, sir, I can tell you how our town came to get its queer name," said George W. North of Medicine Hat. "Poor Lo is responsible for the name. Now, the Indian is the most superstitious chap alive. Nobody believes in luck half so much as he does. 'Good medicine' with him is anything that brings him good luck, and 'bad medicine' is just the reverse. Every Indian that amounts to anything has his 'medicine.' It's his 'lucky penny,' so to speak, and he depends upon it largely for good luck. Often he carries it in a little buckskin bag around his neck, and just as he is about to go to bed he will take it out and say to himself, 'I will have a fuss over it and insist on letting everybody know all about it. I know one buck whose 'good medicine' was the top of a tomato can which he wore on his breast."

"Well, to get back to Medicine Hat, there was a famous Blackfoot chief who lived somewhere around in that part of the country. He divided his time between hunting and making war on the Crees. This chief's 'good medicine' was a most gorgeous headdress of feathers. He called it his 'medicine hat,' and it was the luckiest 'good medicine' in all the region around. Well, one day he fell upon the Crees just about where our town now is, and he smote them hip and thigh. He was in a fair way to wipe the Crees out of existence when along came a gust of wind and lifted the magic hat off his head. That was bad enough, but worse was to follow. The wind whirled it up on high, carried it faster than he could chase it on his pony, and finally dropped it in the Saskatchewan river. That was too much for Mr. Blackfoot. He lost all confidence in his luck. Instead of returning to the fight and pressing home his victory, he turned tail and ran for dear life, followed by all his tribe.

"That's how our town on the south fork of the Saskatchewan got its name. Personally, I hope it will never be changed. It's a hundred times more desirable than the one thousand and one name names that one must access all over the continent." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE ARMY SANDWICH.

One Variety That the Old Veteran Doesn't Mind Served Now.

"I read the other day," said a civil war veteran, "that there are made now, including some that are peculiar to seasons and some that are made to order, 75 different varieties of sandwiches and that you can always find ready in the big establishments where such things are sold 20 or 30 varieties. I don't doubt that for a minute, but I'd like to bet that there's one kind of sandwich that you could not find at any of them at any season, and that is one that, if not exactly popular, was at least widely known, and in some parts of the country extensively, years ago—namely, the pork sandwich."

"This sandwich was peculiar to the army. When the dinner call was sounded, you got your tin cup and walked up the company street to where the cook's fire was and where the cannon kettles hung

The Non-Irritating Cathartic

Easy to take, easy to operate—

Hood's Pills

In the District Court of the United States for the First Referee District of New Hampshire. In Bankruptcy.

In the Matter of ELWIN A. PARKMAN, Debtor, and In Bankruptcy, No. 186 To the creditors of Elwin A. Parkman of Exeter, in the County of Rockingham and District aforesaid, a bankrupt:

Notice is hereby given, That on the twenty-seventh day of January, A. D. 1900, the said Elwin A. Parkman was duly adjudged a bankrupt, and that the meeting of his creditors will be held at the Boston and Maine Railroad Station, Rockingham Junction, N. H., on the fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1900, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may lawfully come before said meeting.

The question of granting authority to the trustee then to be chosen to sell by public auction the property and estate of said bankrupt will then be considered, and if no objection be made, such leave will be granted.

JOHN O'NEILL, Attorney for Bankrupt.

LEWIS W. CLARK, Referee in Bankruptcy of First Referee District.

MANCHESTER, N. H., FEBRUARY 1, 1900.

from a pole, supported at the ends by crocheted sticks driven into the ground. Pork, hard bread and coffee for dinner. And if there was plenty of hard bread you helped yourself from an open box. If there wasn't plenty, then the cook or somebody helping him, dealt it out as the men came up, so many crackers to a man. Then the cook gave you your slice of pork. You held out your crackers, and he laid it on the top one. Then you got your coffee and started for your tent, walking down the company street, juggling the pork on top of the crackers in one hand and the old pint cup filled with coffee in the other. You did it without dropping the one or spilling a drop of the other. There was skill born of long practice.

"Scrumptious dinner! Well, like a good many other things, that depended a heap on circumstances. If we hadn't had anything to eat for a week, then a pork sandwich with a cup of coffee was a great delicacy. If we hadn't had anything to eat for a week but pork sandwiches, then they got to be just a shade monotonous." —New York Sun.

IDENTIFIED BY A SKULL CHIP.

Odd Experience of a Medical Missionary With a Native African.

"Probably the oddest case within my experience was that of Lapihe, who made himself known to me through the use of a detached piece of his own skull," said a medical missionary on a furlough from his work among the heathen. "One morning I went out to look over the specimens of real or fancied injury which were awaiting treatment. There was pretty nearly every kind of tropical disease in the outfit from sore finger to dropsy. Most of the patients were well known to me, but among them was one man whose face was unfamiliar, and who seemed to belong to a different tribe. As I stopped at his place he leaped to his feet as actively as a cat, and from somewhere in his scanty apparel dug up an object which he promptly handed to me. It was a circular piece of human skull as big around as a dollar and very nearly as thick. On the outer surface some one had carefully written in ink the name Lapihe. This must be, I think, the first case in which a man has used part of his own skull instead of a visiting card.

"I looked the man over at once to find out what the trouble was. He had had some sort of a difference of opinion with his chiefs, and as a result of such presumption had received a stout clubbing. One of the blows had fractured the skull and for the time had knocked him out. When the old women who looked after the science of medicine among these particular heathen got hold of Lapihe, they found that a part of his skull was loose. To save difficulty they pried the loose piece off with the blade of a knife, polished up the wound, and let nature do the rest. The patient kept the chip of his skull and the inscription on it was the work of some passing trader.

"When the case came under my notice, there was scarcely more than the thickness of a piece of parchment left of the skull over the brain, and the wound had practically healed. It turned out that Lapihe had made the long journey from his distant home to see me because this degree of damage troubled him. He had the idea that the piece of the skull should be set back in place, and he seemed to have great confidence in my ability to do it. It was a great disappointment to him that his skull chip could not be stuck back. Although I did all that surgical science prescribes for the protection of the thin spot in the cranium, my patient kept harping on the fear that he might lose his fragment of bone, which might fall into improper hands and thus play the mischief with him. The only way to pacify him was to string the chip on a copper wire and solder it about his neck." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

NO NIGHT WATCHMAN.

A special dispatch from Washington on Thursday says:

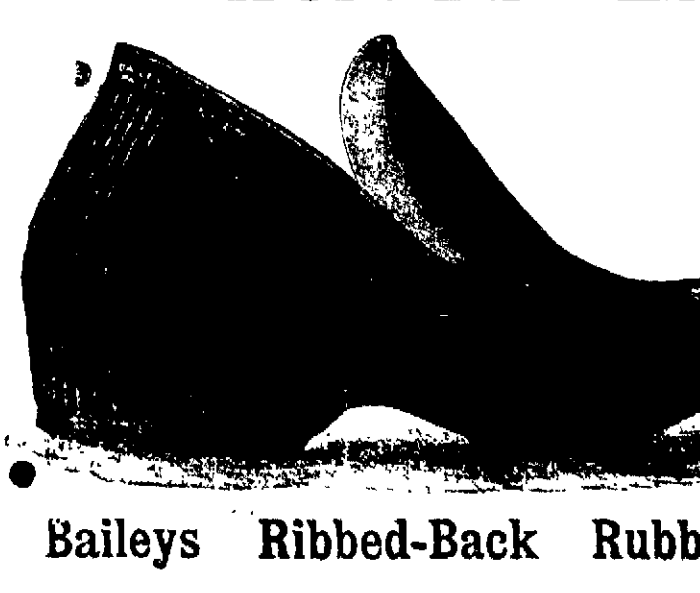
The treasury department does not seem today willing to grant the request of Senator Chandler for the appointment of a night watchman for the public building at Portsmouth, notwithstanding the fact that the collector of internal revenue at that port, has notified the department that he has on hand at all times between \$300,000 and \$400,000 worth of stamps.

Can't be perfect health without pure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood. Tones and invigorates the whole system.

General Wingate is hurrying to Candrum to quell a rebellion among the Egyptian troops of the British army.

THE WORLD'S BEST.

Queen Quality, Ladies' Lace & Button Shoe, \$3.00
Duncan's Shoe Store.



Baileys Ribbed-Back Rubber

FRANKLIN SHOE—Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction. The Franklin Shoes fit the feet, fit the eye and fit your purse.
Men's Sizes.....\$2.00 | Boys' Sizes.....\$1.50 | Youths' Sizes.....\$1.25
3 MARKET STREET.

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FOR PORTSMOUTH
(AND)
PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

Want local news? Read the Herald. Want local news than all other dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2, 1900.

The British opinion of Spion Kop is that it doesn't amount to much, anyway.

Mr. Bryan has not touched upon the Roberts case in public. Sixteen to one is for him more attractive than three to one.

Now Buller has failed perhaps the New York Journal could be induced to take charge of the British campaign in South Africa.

When you speak of the seat of hostilities these days it is necessary to specify whether you mean Ladysmith or Frankfort, Ky.

Kerosene is from twenty to thirty percent higher in price than it was two or three months ago. This is one manifestation of the trust tendency that cannot be made light of.

Senator Tillman should cool his next Philippine speech before delivering it. His effort on Monday appears to have raised blisters on his voice before he had got half through with it.

Mr. Carnegie declines to contribute anything to the republican campaign fund. The party will nevertheless go through the form of holding a convention and making a canvass.

The sooner the United States senators leave off making academic deliverances respecting the Philippines islands, and get down to something practical, the better it will be for both their own country and the islands.

Philadelphia is doing some lively hat passing just now in an effort to raise the \$100,000 that she pledged to the republican national convention. Money may talk everywhere else, but it appears to lose its voice when it arrives in the Quaker city.

Senator Mason is so busily engaged in hammering poor old Great Britain that he has had no time to notice letters from Illinois asking him to resign. Such matters, being purely domestic in character, will have to wait until Mr. Mason trounces our foreign relations.

Mr. Carnegie will neither affirm nor deny saying this: "I prefer to have Bryan in the White house with a democratic congress at his back to undo the work of currency reform, rather than have McKinley there with power to hold the territory conquered from Spain."

Ex-Consul Macrum, late of Pretoria, is gradually approaching the shores of his native land, and there is an interesting curiosity to know whether he returns on account of boils or because he couldn't enforce the policy of the American government. For his own sake it is to be hoped that his explaining apparatus is in good working order.

A Cold Head.
To a young man who stood smoking a cigar on a down town corner the other day there approached the ebullient and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend.

"How many cigars a day do you smoke?" asked the licensed modulator in other people's affairs.

"Three," replied the youth as patiently as he could.

Then the inquisition continued. "How much do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents each," confessed the young man.

"Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would save that money by the time you are as old as I am you would own that big building on the corner?"

"Do you own it?" inquired the smoker.

"No," replied the old man.

"Well, I do," said the young man, - Chicago Chronicle.

It has been stated that the danger to trees from lightning depends not only on their height, but also on their conductivity, resulting from more or less richness of sap.

IMMENSE ARMY.
England Mobilizing 213,000 Men In South Africa.

This Force Will Be There Within a Fortnight.

GOVERNMENT PLAINLY BOUND TO PUSH WAR TO THE END.

LONDON, Feb. 2, 4.30 A. M.—Mr. Wyndham's declaration in parliament that Great Britain would within a fortnight have in South Africa 180,000 British regulars, 7000 Canadian and Australian troops and 26,000 South African volunteers, is received with wonderment. Of this grand total of 213,000, with 452 guns, all are now there except 18,000 that are afloat on the way. This is beyond all discussing the largest army that Great Britain has ever put into the field. At the end of the Crimean war she had scraped together 80,000 men and Wellington had 25,000 at Waterloo. Mr. Wyndham's speech is the strongest defense so far of what the government has done and is now doing. The general tone of the morning papers here is that his figures are astonishing. There are 80,000 now at the front, 10,000 are lost, 10,000 are cooped up in Ladysmith and 7000 have not yet been in action, besides those at sea. Why so many effectives have not been put into the fight is explained by the lack of fast transports and want of organization of supplies, to which Lord Roberts is giving his experience and Lord Kitchener his genius for details. There is exceptional activity at the ship yards and three additional batteries are to be ordered out.

NEWS ABOUT GOEBEL.

FRANKFORT, KY., Feb. 1.—Governor Goebel this noon issued a pardon to Douglas Hayes, a convict from Knott county, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment for manslaughter. The pardon of the penitentiary refused to release him and is supported by the prison commissioners. At 4:15 this afternoon there was no change for the better in Governor Goebel's condition, but slight symptoms of pneumonia had developed. Just before five o'clock several members of the legislature tried to enter the state house, but were driven back by a double file of armed troops.

BRYAN IN CONCORD.

CONCORD, N. H., Feb. 1.—Hon. William Jennings Bryan arrived here from Portsmouth at three o'clock this afternoon on his whirlwind tour of New England. He was tendered a banquet at 4:30 in the main dining hall of the Eagle hotel, when about two hundred and fifty democrats were present. This evening Mr. Bryan addressed probably twenty-five hundred people in Phoenix hall. He was introduced by Samuel B. Page of Woodsville. One of the speakers was Hon. Henry O. Kent.

APPEARED ONLY TO DISAPPEAR.

FRANKFORT, KY., Feb. 1. For the first time since the shooting of Goebel slight signs of a peaceful settlement of the controversy arose today. They almost as quickly disappeared, however, but they may reappear. The original proposition for an amicable adjustment came from the republicans. The democrats want the matter settled in the state court. There was a conference, but no decision was reached.

ALLEN HAD THE FLOOR.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1. Most of the morning session of the senate was taken up by Mr. Allen of Nebraska, who discussed Secretary Gage's report of his dealings with the National City bank of New York.

McGOVERN WON.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 1.—Terry McGovern of Brooklyn knocked out Eddie Santory of this city here tonight in the fifth round of a featherweight championship contest.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 1.—Forecast for New England: Fair and continued cold Friday, fresh westerly winds; increasing cloudiness and warmer Saturday.

THEY ALL SAY SO.
Not Only In Portsmouth, But In Every City And Town In The Union.

If the reader took the time and trouble to ask his fellow residents of Portsmouth the simple question given below, he would obtain the one answer. If he would read the statements now being published in Portsmouth, which reflect this answer, it would surprise him. As many more could be, and may be published, but in the meantime ask the first person you meet what cures backache? The answer will be, Doan's Kidney Pills. Here is a citizen who endorses our claim:

Mr. William R. Weston, of No. 1 Woodbury Ave., says: "For a year or more I had kidney trouble, sometimes attacking me more severely than others. In every instance I had more or less the zines, backache, headache, soreness over the kidneys, pains shooting up between the shoulders or down the thighs, and too frequent action of the kidney secretions. I read about Doan's Kidney Pills and I got a box at Philbrick's pharmacy, in Franklin Block. Well, they went right to the spot at once. I never got anything to approach them. I can honestly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-McIlhenny Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

PROMOTIONS OF NAVAL PAY OFFICERS.

To Lieut Directors—Pay Inspectors George E. Hurd of the Boston navy yard, R. P. Lisle of League Island navy yard, George W. Beaman, who is placed on the retired list; Edwin Putnam of the New York navy yard, Arthur Burtis of the navy pay office, Boston, and L. A. Frailey of the Washington navy yard.

To be Pay Inspectors—Paymasters H. T. Harris of the Vermont, S. Rand of the navy pay office, Washington; J. P. Loomis of the naval academy, J. B. Radfield of the Norfolk navy yard, I. C. Hobbs at Newport, L. G. Bogg of the Massachusetts, H. G. Colby of the navy pay office, Baltimore, and William J. Thompson of the Brooklyn navy yard.

To be Passed Assistant Paymasters—H. L. Robbins of the Marblehead, R. H. Woods of the Monmouth, W. A. Merritt of the Yankton and W. T. Gray of the Prairie.

BRAVE MEN FALL.

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaho, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents at Globe Grocery Co. Every bottle guaranteed.

HE WAS UNRELIABLE.

Why the Minister Looked With Suspicion Upon Hiram Snyder. The author of "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen" tells a story of the civil war, when the days dragged slowly in anticipation of news from the front and when grief was likely to overwhelm any who had boys in the ranks. He says:

One night the postmaster was reading aloud the names of the killed at Gettysburg, and he ran down to the name of a youth we knew. The boy's father sat there on a nail keg, chewing a straw. The postmaster, for his sake, tried to shuffle over the name and hurry on to the next.

"Hir," said the father. "What's that you said?"

"There was nothing to do but face the issue, and the postmaster repeated with a forced calmness:

"Killed—Snyder, Hiram."

The boy's father stood up with a jerk. Then he sat down. Then he stood up again, staggered to the door and fumbled for the latch like a blind man.

"God help him!" said the postmaster, wiping his eyes with his red handkerchief. "He's gone to tell the old woman."

The minister preached a funeral sermon for the boy, and on the little pyramid that marked the family lot in the burying ground they carved the inscription:

"Killed in honorable battle, Hiram Snyder, aged 19."

BETTER THAN DUELING.
The Way the Chicago Man Finished Three French Bullies.

"During the Spanish-American war," said the foreign buyer for a New York dry goods house, "I was in Paris when the French felt most hostile to us. Some of the more enthusiastic, who had nothing to lose, were ready to pick a quarrel with any American they came across. One night after the theater, while I was seated in a cafe, three young fellows began talking for the benefit of a Yankee from Chicago. I did not learn his name, but he was in Paris to promote some American enterprise. He was a man of 50 and looked the gentleman, and the bloods probably sized him up as a man who would scare. Not one of them spoke English, but the Chicagoan understood enough French to realize what they were driving at."

"They pitched into us as a nation in great shape, but as all their conversation was directed at the other man I waited to see what he would do. We were in a room having five tables, and I believe there were ten of us in all. The room was on the first story, with an awning below the two open windows, and as the conversation grew hot I saw the man look around and take notes on the situation."

"He had about half finished his meal when one of the bloods asked his companion if they had ever heard of an American fighting a duel. They replied in the negative and broadly hinted that it was from lack of grit. Then the second wondered what a Yankee would do if a glass of wine was flung in his face. They didn't have to try the experiment. The Chicagoan laid down his knife and fork, rose up and peeled off his coat, and, with a smile on his face, he said:

"Gentlemen, you needn't go to that trouble. We Americans don't go much on dueling, but we have other ways which solve the problem just as well. "And without making any fuss over it he grabbed those young bloods one after another and dropped them out of the window upon the awning, and each one went clanking and sliding down to the edge to take a drop to the sidewalk. Then he nodded to me and took his seat again to finish his supper, and when the waiter came in and looked around for his tip, the promoter calmly said:

"There found the waiter too close and went out by way of the window. You can serve the rest of their supper on the pavement!"—Baltimore Herald.

WHALES IN THE HUDSON.

People of Albany Thought the World Was Coming to an End. The winter of 1646-7 in the colony of Netherlanders was remarkably long and severe, the rivers had scarcely frozen on November and remained frozen for four months. A very high freshet resulted in the spring of 1647, which destroyed a number of houses in their stables, nearly carried away the fort, which was located on what is now Steamboat square, and inflicted considerable damage in the colony. "A certain fish of considerable size, snow white in color, round in the body and having a small fin on its head," made at the same time its appearance, stemming the impetuous flood. What it portended "God the Lord only knew." All the inhabitants were lost in wonder, for "at the same instant that this fish appear to us we had the first thunder and lightning this year."

In those days of superstition every event out of the ordinary was invariably credited to supernatural agencies. The public astonishment was scarcely subdued when still another monster of the deep, estimated at 40 feet in length, was seen, of a brown color, having fins on his back and ejecting water after the manner of the first strange visitor, high in the air. Some seafaring people "who had been to Greenland" now pronounced the monster a whale. Intelligence was shortly after received that it had grounded on an island at the mouth of the Mohawk, and the people, whose superstitions fears did not always stand in the way of turning an honest penny, made haste to secure the prize, which was forthwith subjected to the process of roasting in order to extract its oil.

Though large quantities were obtained, yet so great was the mass of blubber the river was covered with grease for three weeks afterward, and the oil market was completely glutted. As the fish decayed the stench was not only offensive "for two (dutch) miles, to leeward," but the whole which had first ascended the river stranded on his return to sea on an island some 40 miles from the mouth of the river, near which four others grounded the same year.—Albany Argus.

The Bartender's Trick.

"In most places when a customer calls for whisky and apollinaris," said a veteran bartender confidentially, "the chances are a shade more than even that he gets whisky and soldier. It's a trick of the trade and a pretty good one. You see, the average man doesn't really want apollinaris anyhow. He calls for it out of caprice or because the other fellow does. So the bartender, or, rather, some bartenders, will take a genuine bottle that's been emptied and fill it up from the seltzer siphon. Then they add a little common salt, just a pinch—drive in the cork, give it a shake or two and lay it away on ice. When they open the stuff before a customer, the cork flies out like a popgun, and the seltzer foams over the neck to beat the band. The salt gives the water the peculiar apollinaris flavor, and, swallowed right after a nip of whisky, it takes an expert to distinguish it from the real thing."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"Hussy Yamps."

The elevated altitude and pure air of Arizona and New Mexico seem to affect the minds and imaginations of some men. Down in Arizona there is a little stream known as the La-Sagunum river, and it is said that if any one drinks of the water he is forever after incapable of telling the truth. The virtues of this mysterious stream are known as "Hussy Yamps," and there are a good many of them in this part of the country. Some have mines to sell.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"What is the highest position in the army, papa?" asked Sammy Snyder. "Commander in chief," replied Mr. Snyder.

"No."

"Then what?"

"The chief of the war balloon corps,"—Futshing Chronicle-Telegraph.

Norwegian seamen are entitled to vote before leaving their country, if the polling day is within three months of their departure, or they vote at a foreign port within the same time by having their votes sent home through a Norwegian consul.



And a living proof of what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will do for weak lungs. It makes new blood, and blood is life to the lungs, as well as to every other organ. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains neither alcohol nor narcotics. It is not a stimulant but a strengthening medicine. "After using about five bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery my boys seem to be all right," writes Mr. J. W. Price, of Ozark, Monroe Co., Ohio. "He was very bad when I commenced to give him the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' The doctor claimed he had consumption, and we doctored with him until he was past walking. It has been ten months since he stopped taking your medicine and he is in good health. We are very thankful to you for saving our son."

Children appreciate Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're easy to take and do not gripe.

MUSIC HALL.

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Friday, February 2.

THE EMINENT ROMANTIC ACTOR,

ROBERT B. MANTELL

AND A SELECT COMPANY

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

M. W. HANLEY,

IN A NEW PLAY,

THE DAGGER AND THE CROSS

Joseph Hatter's Famous Novel. | Dramatized by W. A. Tremayne

ELABORATE SCENERY! SUPERB COSTUMES! POWERFUL COMPANY!

The Dramatic Novelty of the Season.

PRICES. - - 35, 50, 75c, \$1.00

Seats on sale Wednesday, Jan. 31st, at Music hall box office.

The One Complete Writing-machine is the **Remington** Standard Typewriter

It does not rely on one or two special features good enough to talk about, but upon all round.... Excellence and Durability which produce the Best Work all the time and lots of it.

SEND FOR INFORMATION ABOUT THE NEW MODELS.

Old machines taken in exchange. Second hand typewriters of all makes for sale and for rent. Full line of ribbons, carbons and typewriter paper.

WILLIAM J. KELLY,
3 MARKET SQUARE.

Check-List Notice.

THE Board of Registrars of Voters for the City of Portsmouth hereby give notice that they will be in session on the Common Council Chamber at City Hall in said City on the following dates, to-wit: February 1st, 1900, 10 A. M.; 15th, 10 A. M.; 20th, 10 A. M.; 25th, 10 A. M.; at the following hours: 9 A. M. to 12 M.; 2 P. M. to 5 P. M.; 7 P. M. to 9 P. M. for the purpose of making up and correcting the Check Lists of the several Wards in said City to be used at the City Election to be held on March 13th, 1900.

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LORDS TO T. BURNHAM, Chairman.
EDWARD B. LEWIS, Clerk.

PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.
WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.
A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. E.
Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Officers—Charles F. Cole, N. C.; Fred Gardner, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, V. C.; Geo. E. M. Smiley, V. H.; E. P. Gidney, H. P.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel K. Gardner, M. of R.; James Kehoe, S. H.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.
Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R. H. B. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

BESOR SEXATE, NO. 602, K. A. E. O.
Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and Fourth Fridays in each month.

Officers—Excellent Senator, E. H. Voudy; Sr. Seneschal, Andrew O. Caswell; Jr. Seneschal, Joseph C. Pottigrew; Sacerdos, E. W. Voudy; Sr. Vigilante, John E. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante, Chas. H. Magraw; Rec. Sec., James E. Harold; Fin. Sec., Andrew O. Caswell; Treas., N. A. Walcott; Warder, W. P. Gardner; Trustees, E. C. Langley, Fred Wood, Oren Bragdon.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 43, I. O. O. F.
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when degrees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

MY FALL AND WINTER SAMPLES Have Arrived

AND ARE READY FOR INSPECTION.

YOU CAN GET SUITS FROM \$15.00 and UP " " " PANTS FROM \$4.00 and UP

Try Us For Your Next Suit.

Fitting, Repairing and Pressing Done At Reasonable Prices.

OLEARY THE TAILOR

5 Bridge Street.

Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions And Coverings.

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137 MARKET ST.

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Professional Cards.

W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.

Residence, 98 State St. Office, 26 Congress St.

Portsmouth, N. H.

OFFICE HOURS: 1 A. M. to 3 P. M. 7:30 to 10 P. M.

C. D. BINMAN, D. D. S.

DENTAL ROOMS, 16 MARKET SQUARE

Portsmouth, N. H.

F. S. TOWLE, M. D.

78 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

Office Hours: 10 A. M. to 12 M. 2 to 6 P. M.

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SUCCESSOR TO SAMUEL S. FLETCHER.

60 Market Street.

Furniture Dealer

— AND —

Undertaker.

NIGHT CALLS at side entrance, No. 2 Hanover Street and at residence, Cor. New Vaughan Street and Raynes' Ave.

Telephone 59-2.

STANDARD BRAND.

Newark cement.

400 Barrels of the above Cement Just Landed.

THIS COMPANY'S CEMENT

Has been on the market for the past fifty years. It has been used on the

Principal Government and Other

A RASCALLY GENIUS.

HE WAS A BANK CASHIER AND AN EXPERT SCOUNDREL.

This Clever Rogue Used Johnny Hope, the Notorious Bank Burglar, as His Tool in a Job That Was as Smooth as It Was Successful.

"One day in the autumn of 1870 'Little Johnny' Hope, probably the most finished and successful bank burglar who ever worked a drill in this country, was walking along Sixth avenue, New York, enjoying his parole and the mellow sunshine," said an old detective. "As he swung along he was accosted by a prosperous looking man whom he did not know, although the man addressed him as 'Mr. Hope.' 'Little Johnny' took the stranger into a cafe and asked him things.

"In the first place, how do you know me?" he inquired of the stranger.

"Well, it appeared that 'Little Johnny' had been pointed out to a stranger by a detective who was so wary that he afterward did time for secretly extending aid and succor to the enemy—i. e., a famous hand of New York crooks.

"Well," said 'Little Johnny' to the stranger, 'What's your graft?'

"Then the stranger up and told him what his graft was.

"I'm the cashier of a bank up in Westchester county," said he to 'Little Johnny' Hope. "The directors don't know anything about it, but I'm short in my accounts. There's only one way out of it—the bank'll have to be robbed by professional cracksmen. That will let me out, and in addition I'll get my rake off the robbery. I want you to rob the bank. You'll find \$35,000 in cash in it on the night you arrange the job. I'll attend to that. Of course I want my bit out of it—\$10,000 at least. I've always heard that you are square in these divisions, and therefore I'll trust you to hand me my share after you've done the job for putting you on to it."

"This sounds good enough to eat," replied 'Little Johnny,' who could see a man trap as far as a 12 inch gun will shoot. "Fact is, it's so sweet that it's almost cloying. You give me a couple of days to investigate you, and then we'll talk business."

"They appointed another meeting at the same place two days later, and in the meantime Hope looked into the job. He found that the bank really was the cashier of a prominent Westchester county bank. So when the cashier called upon him at the appointed time he was ready to talk business.

"You'll have a hard night's work," said the cashier, "for in order to avert suspicion I'll have to leave the vaults and safe all locked up tighter'n a drum, as usual. You'll need several assistants."

"You just pass those details up to me," replied Hope. "Every man in my trade. They don't make 'em so strong that I can't get into 'em."

"Then all of the details were arranged, and the robbery was fixed for a certain night at the following week. The cashier was especially meticulous. He should get his share of the proceeds of the crib cracking. Hope assured him that if there was \$35,000 in the job \$25,000 would be enough for himself and his associates, and the cashier would get the rest.

"On the night fixed 'Little Johnny' and three of his best men went up to the town in Westchester county and pulled off the job. It was a matter of four hours before the gang, after overpowering and tying and gagging the night watchman, got into the main safe. They found it empty. They then tackled the smaller safes. These, too, were empty. 'Little Johnny' was mad, as can be readily imagined.

"It was the first and last time I ever played the part of a 'good thing' in a job like that," he said afterward.

"Now, that was pretty clever work on the part of the cashier, wasn't it? He had simply looted the bank himself, and the robbery which he had arranged was simply to cover up his own trail. There have been 'Napoleons of finance' without number developed from the ranks of bank cashiers, but I never heard of a cleaner bit of work than that. It was, I think, a bit of absolute genius.

"Of course 'Little Johnny' and his assistants had only to pack their tools and get back to New York. They weren't in a position to say anything about how they had been fooled. 'Little Johnny' had been in the afternoon papers the account of how the bank had been robbed of cash and securities 'approximating \$100,000 in amount' and gird his teeth. The bank's failure was announced a few days later.

"Two months after that it fell to my lot to handoff myself to 'Little Johnny' and to take him up to Sing Sing on a New York Central train. At one of the stations not far from Sing Sing I noticed his face suddenly darkened with rage, and I asked him what was up. He pointed out a sleek looking man who was sitting in a dogcart beside the station, and he cursed him in a bloodcurdling way for two minutes before he was able to tell me the story I've told you. The man in the dogcart was the cashier who had been caught enough to put it all over 'Little Johnny' Hope, probably the most wily criminal in his particular line who ever operated in this country. The failure of the bank hadn't hurt the cashier at all in the estimation of his townsmen—bank was robbed by cracksmen, d'ye see, and how could the cashier help it? Oh, that cashier was good, all right!

"Well, it wasn't up to me to say anything about what 'Little Johnny' had told me, although I frequently saw the cashier flying high in New York after that. I lost track of him after a couple of years, however, and concluded that he had struck out for the west or somewhere or other with his beautifully contrived rickshaw from the Westchester county bank."—Washington Star.

The Trapper's Story.

I have always been of the opinion that owing to his keen sense the bear is our first game animal and should be protected by law. His depredations on fire stock are not worth taking into account, and I am quite ready to agree with an old trapper who was sleeping soundly in his cabin one day when an eastern man in search of hairbreadth stories of adventure knocked at his door. The door was opened by the trapper's partner, to whom the visitor made known his errand.

"Bill," said the younger man, "this feller wants to hear some narver escapes you've had from bear."

"The old man, rubbing his eyes, looked the stranger over and said:

"Young man, if there's been any narver escapes the bear's had 'em."—W. K. Carlin in Ainslee.

BEAR'S REVENGE.

How a Bear Punished a Man Who Persevered in Stirring Him Up.

The town of Medicine Hat, in Assiniboia, on the Canadian Pacific railroad, had in 1894 an attraction in the shape of a captive grizzly bear. He was a hungry looking brute, about the size of an ordinary cow, and was chained to a post in the center of a strong log pen. The pen stood beside the tracks, about 200 feet from the station, and a recent rainstorm had made a veritable mud hole of it.

The bear was an object of lively interest and curiosity to the townspeople, but more particularly to passengers of trains which stopped at Medicine Hat to change engines.

One day early in August the eastbound overland pulled in, and in a few minutes the occupants of several coaches were viewing the grizzly, who was shuffling around his quarters, looking very innocent and unconcerned. His paws and shaggy gray coat were covered with mud, and bruin was not a thing of beauty, still he appeared contented and seemed to enjoy being on exhibition.

Now, a miscellaneous crowd of men has as a rule at least one individual in it belonging to the class known as "smart Alecks." This gathering was no exception, and the aforementioned person soon manifested himself. He began by grunting at the bear and followed that up by throwing sticks and small stones at him. Failing to excite him by these means, he resorted to others. Fixing a handkerchief on a stick, he flung it in bruin's face and tickled him on the nose with it, then poked him in the ribs. But save an occasional growl the bear did not seem to mind his tormentor. One or two gentlemen now advised the funny man to desist, suggesting that his bearship's patience probably had limits. Ignoring the friendly warning, the fellow waved bolder, and coming close up to the pen thrust an arm in between the logs.

Then the long suffering bear saw his opportunity and improved it. Suddenly and with startling swiftness he reared on his hind legs until he loomed high above the astonished man, and then with a deep growl of anger he struck fiercely at his persecutor. For a breathless second the man stood bereft of the power of motion. Then with a scream of fright he tried to draw back, but too late. The enormous bear caught his arm in a glancing fashion, shredding his coat and shirt sleeves and scoring several ugly scratches in the flesh, while an avalanche of mud and filth descended on his luckless head, fairly obscuring his features and thickly smearing the whole upper part of his person. The bear's revenge was complete. Swift and sudden justice had been meted out, and with shaken nerves and ruined clothes the smart man made his way to the train, while some unfeeling men in the crowd laughed outright, and the grizzly lay down with what resembled a sigh of relief.

The Canadian Pacific east bound overland bore that day a man who was not only sadder and wiser, but whose propensity for "stirring up the animals" had received a decided shock.—Detroit Free Press.

The Bull and the Red Wagon.

A writer in Forest and Stream tells how two friends of his set out to find a certain trout stream in a wild region 20 miles from San Francisco:

Riddle had imported from Boston a light express wagon, with the gear painted bright red. A part of the route led them across a pasture for wild cattle, and their first intimation of mischief was the bearing down upon them of the whole herd, headed by a bull, pawing the ground and bellowing.

"Ward," said Riddle, "that fellow means mischief. We must run for it."

The men whipped up the horse and tried to escape, but it was useless. The bull came the other way. The bull charged the wagon, capsize it and threw the men and their belongings to the ground. Then, for protection, they crawled under the vehicle, and the bull battered away at the wheels.

It happened that Riddle's gun had landed within reach. He crawled from under the wagon, slipped in two cartridges, and the bull, at his next charge, was amazed at receiving a couple of charges of shot in the face. The drove stampeded at the report, and the bull followed, shaking his head, evidently in great surprise at the tendency of red wagons to go off in that disagreeable manner.

The two fishermen returned to town, one with his arm in a sling, and the other very much battered about the face. The wagon was immediately painted a sober green.

The True Gentleman.

A writer in The North American Review recalls Ward McAllister's definition of a gentleman. "My understanding of a gentleman," said Mr. McAllister, "has always been that he is a person free from arrogance and anything like self assertion; he has consideration for the feelings of others; is so satisfied in his own position that he is always unpretentious, feeling he could not do an ungentlemanly act; as courteous and kind in manner to his inferiors as to his equals." "Besides this definition," continues the writer, "it is well to place that given by Emerson: 'The gentleman is a man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing that lordship in his behavior, not in any manner dependent and servile, either on persons or opinions or possessions. Beyond this fact, of truth and real force, the word denotes good nature or benevolence, manhood first, and then gentleness.'"

Forgot Himself.

Absentminded persons are not infrequently met among the medical profession, who of all men should always have their wits about them.

It is related that a well known doctor was once present in a public place when an accident occurred, and, seeing a second man went about calling, "A doctor! A doctor! Somebody go and fetch a doctor!"

A friend who was by his side ventured to inquire, "Well, what about yourself?" "Oh, dear," answered the doctor, suddenly recalling the fact that he belonged to the medical profession, "I didn't think of that!"—Youth's Companion.

Proof Enough.

Wags—Women don't get excited as often as men.

Wags—Prove it.

Wags—Well, when a man's excited he swears.

Wags—Yes.

Wags—And when a woman's excited she weeps.

Wags—Right again.

Wags—Well, if a woman should cry every time a man swore we'd have another deluge.—Philadelphia Record.

SOME SENSE OF HUMOR.

Kentucky Mountaineers Do Not Always Lose the Point.

The mountaineer of Kentucky, West Virginia and southward is deficient in the sense of humor. He takes life seriously, and, it may be said to his discredit, he takes it frequently. Indeed, his widest reputation is as a shooter. It is not surprising to the outsider who is acquainted with life and its environments throughout the entire mountain section that the inhabitant is of somber temperament. Still there are individual instances of a sense of humor as bright as one would find in Ireland in a day's travel. On one occasion a Kentucky schoolteacher proved the rule. Being interested in education, I never saw a country schoolhouse in operation during my wanderings through that dozen counties that I did not have a talk with the teacher, and I invariably introduced myself by saying, "Well, you are teaching the young idea how to shoot, are you?" I had asked it dozens and dozens of times and always received a serious reply in the affirmative—that is to say, I always did with one exception. The exception was a young chap of about 20, with the making of a popular congressman in his drawing speech and his good natured shrewdness.

"No," he said, "I am not. I don't have to. What I am trying to teach them is how not to shoot."

Another time it was a schoolteacher, but of a different type, a kind of pathetic humorist. I had ridden 20 miles along the banks of the Cumberland, a pretty, shaded stream, by the way, and hadn't seen a fisherman, and by the time I met this man I had become curious as well as tired, for the road was a hard one to travel.

"Why don't somebody fish in this stream?" I asked, without much preliminaries.

"Ain't no fish," was the laconic reply.

"Why not?" I asked in surprise.

"The man looked at me and my turnout with a real humorist's smile.

"If you could get out of this country," he said, with a cross between a twinkle and a tear in his eye, "as easy as a fish can, would you be here?"—Washington Star.

HE KNOWS HOW TO SWIM.

You May Learn a Few Tricks From the Bullfrog.

"A swimmer, no matter whether he is a beginner or an expert, cannot improve upon the advice of his great-grandfather, which is to go to a brook or swamp and study the manner and methods of the frog," remarked an ex-champion recently.

"The most expert swimmers in the world are tyros compared to the laziest bullfrogs. The difficulty with all swimmers is that they spoil the effect of the stroke by the recovery."

"When a frog starts off he draws his legs carefully up under him until he is in the position of a man sitting on his haunches. Then he suddenly gives a mighty spring in the water, kicking his legs out, not behind him, but almost directly sideways. After the kick his legs are slowly drawn together by his motion through the water until they bang out behind him in a perfectly rigid form. Every toe of his web feet is held out as straight as an arrow, and then nothing retards his motion through the water. He will lie in this position until every bit of the momentum is lost—that is, until he has gone as far as the force of the kick will send him through the water. Then again he slowly and carefully draws his legs in and repeats the performance."

"You will notice that in drawing the legs up to his body for a second kick the frog recedes a little. This is owing to the action of the upper leg on the water, and it corresponds exactly with the similar movement on the part of a man. The first thing a frog does is to give his body a good start through the water, and he holds himself in such a way that he gets the whole value of the stroke."

"A man starts out with just such a kick, but after he has gone two or three feet he will begin to swing his hands forward or draw up his legs in such fashion that they offset the whole value of his work. He stops his own body half the way before the effect of the stroke has spent itself."—New York Sun.

Battle Tunes.

One of the pluckiest of war correspondents is James Creelman, who was wounded at El Caney in the last charge. He gives a curious account in The Cosmopolitan Magazine of how certain tunes haunted him in each battle. He says:

In every battle that I go through I somehow get a melody in my head and hum it to the end of the action. I suppose it is the result of nervous excitement. All through the battle and massacre of Port Arthur, in the Japanese war, I hummed an air from Mendelssohn's "Springtime," and during the shell fire I found myself actually shrieking it.

When I started in the charge on Fort Caney, I began to hum "Rock of Ages," and I couldn't get rid of the tune, even when I was lying among the dying of Cheate's bridge in the hospital camp. I remember that when General Chaffee bent over me, after I had been shot, and asked me how I was, I couldn't answer until I had finished, in my mind, one phrase of "Rock of Ages."

An Unimpeachable Witness.

Referring to a photograph as a deposition of the "unimpeachable sun," a Missoni judge says: "Do me it is a very comforting thought and pleasing reflection that amid all the vicissitudes and pressing exigencies of railroad damage suits they have never yet attempted to impeach 'Old Sol.' Perhaps they were deterred by his shining reputation. At any rate, from his serene seat in the heavens, 'from his chair on high,' he still looks down upon the pigmy populations of earth with the same burning eye wherewithal erstwhile he gazed down upon Ananias that time he went in before the apostle, and 'lied to the Holy Ghost.'"—Cass and Comment.

Wasteful.

"It's too bad," said little Bessie, "that there isn't another little Peters boy."

"Isn't have six," said her mother. "I should consider that about enough."

"Well," said the little girl, "they can all take each other's clothes as they grow up, but there isn't any one to take little Johnnie's, and it seems kind of wasteful."—Harper's Bazar.

Drury Lane theater has the largest fireproof curtain in the world. It is 42 feet by 30½ feet, made of iron and asbestos, and in case of fire can lower itself automatically in 15 seconds.

A quart of milk contains about the same amount of nutriment as three quarts of a pound of beef.

A THRILLING ESCAPE.

AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE ON THE BRINK OF DEATH VALLEY.

A Prospector's Arrested Plunge Down a Precipice That Towered Seven Thousand Feet Above That Appalling Stretch of Desolation.

J. P. King, who owns a mine close to Death valley, in the great Panamint range, had a fearful experience while on a prospecting tour. "One blazing hot day," said Mr. King, "I left my camp in Pleasant canyon, where the big ledges are to be found."

"After climbing the back of that immense ridge which leads by a series of broken dikes and rugged ascents almost to the foot of Telescope peak, that giant sentinel of the range, which towers for nearly 11,000 feet into the burning sky of the desert my eye lit upon some well defined outcroppings of quartz. This seemed a likely spot at which to commence my prospecting, and, hobbling my burro and taking my prospecting pick, I began slowly to traverse the course of the vein."

As I descended toward the Death valley slope of the ridge the vein showed itself more strongly, and, intensely interested, I failed to notice that the ground over which I was slowly picking my way grew more and more precipitous.

"Suddenly as I rounded a rocky escarpment the awful panorama of Death valley unfolded itself to my view. I had never contemplated this scene under a certain feeling of awe, and I now stood motionless before the vast spectacle. Seven thousand feet below me lay the valley, hideous, repulsive, appalling in its vista of desolation. I can't tell you just how it happened, but something moved under my feet, and before I could help myself I was slipping down a vertical rapidly to the sheer edge of the precipice."

"As I slid, however, I retained sufficient presence of mind to clutch at everything which might impede my progress, but there was not much on that barren slope. The next few seconds were terrible. I knew that if nothing stopped me I was lost. It was while I was sliding these few last feet that the phenomenon so often experienced by men who have been suddenly put in extraordinarily perilous positions occurred in my own case. In a single instant it seemed as if the whole panorama of a busy life, extending over 47 years, was flashed before me. Then there was a sudden shock. I was brought up by something that struck me under the left arm, and I opened my eyes slowly to find myself in a peculiar position."

"I was lying on my back at an angle of about 35 degrees, my feet resting against one of those yellow, cone shaped cacti, which take such deep root in the soil. My left arm was clutching a projecting rock, which jutted to a length of about 18 inches from the face of the precipice. Neither of these would of itself have arrested my fall. Unchecked by my spasmodic but wholly unconscious seizure of the rock as I swept past it, on the one hand, I must have plunged through the cactus against which my feet now rested. On the other hand, if my feet had not struck the cactus my hold would have been torn from the rock, which in its turn partly supported me."

"I was saved—this was my first reflection—saved! Yes, but for a lingering and cruel fate."

"I was miles from human habitation. Accompanied to be gone from camp for a week or more at a time, my partner would not be at all alarmed at my absence. Besides, how long could I retain my present position? Already my left arm was stiffened and sore by holding on to the rock, for I was afraid to trust all my weight on the cactus."

"Just then a shadow passed between me and the sun. I looked up. An enormous vulture was floating a few score feet above me. I felt my nerves gradually breaking down as the utter hopelessness of escape forced itself upon me. All this time I had not noticed that I still grasped in my right hand the small prospector's pick with which I had started out. I still held it in a convulsive clutch. It was this which finally saved me."

"As I say, I had utterly lost my nerve. I dared not glance downward. There was a dreadful attraction about that awful abyss which I instinctively felt would drag me to destruction. A voice seemed to whisper: 'Why prolong this torture? Let go your hold. It will soon be over.'"

"I reviewed every action of my past life. Severed from all hope of earthly aid, I turned my thoughts to heaven. I have no distinct recollections to heaven. I so said, so done. The prince got the 50 men and the drummer from Austria, and ruled without any salary. Then in 1836, when a new prince ascended the throne, it occurred to his subjects that they were making a bad bargain and that their ruler ought to pay for the privilege of being head of the state. The prince gracefully acceded, and he and his successors have contributed a yearly sum to the budget ever since."

Milt and Mortar.

Our readers who have studied old accounts relating to masons' work are aware that there was a practice, which has only died out in recent times, of blending beer with the lime and sand used for mortar when the work that had to be done was required to have special stability, as it was assumed that the beer rendered the mortar much stronger. The people of Sheffield in 1616 acted on this opinion, for a bushel of malt was bought for "blending of his lime" when John Pitts repaired the Lady bridge. We presume that beer was made with it before the blending process took place, and there cannot be a doubt that John Pitts and his workmen tasted thereof, just to assure themselves that it was of the proper strength and quality.—Athenaeum.

The Largest Flower.

The largest flower in the world is the Rafflesia arnoldi of Sumatra. Its size is fully three feet in diameter about the size of a carriage wheel. The five petals of this immense flower are oval and creamy white, growing round a center filled with countless long, violet lined stamens. The flower weighs about 15 pounds and is capable of containing nearly two gallons of water. The buds are like gigantic brown cabbage heads.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Uncrowned King.

Bill—Who was that gentleman you nodded to in the hallway?

Ben—He? Oh, he's Danlan, the millionaire.

Bill—And who was that man you shook hands with and gave a cigar in the elevator?

Ben—Oh, he's Muggins, the janitor.—Chicago News.

Inquiring Tommy.

"What are you doing Tommy?"

"Standin' before the lookin' glass," said Tommy; "I wanted to see how I looked if I was twins."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

HE KNEW WHAT HE WANTED.

And It Didn't Take the Salesman Long to Size Him Up.

"I'd like to get a pair of shoes." "All right, sir. What kind?" "Oh, any kind. I'm not a bit particular."

A pair was brought forward by the Chesterfieldian salesman. They fitted perfectly, and there appeared to be no reason why the transaction should not end with an immediate purchase.

"Do you know," said the customer, "my feet are very peculiar? They're as sensitive as a magnolia blossom. This shoe is a deadringer for one I had a couple of years ago. It has the same heavy tip. Now, you may not believe me, but it is a fact that on my feet that shoe felt just like there were a weight in the toe, and made me trip every time I came to a curbstone. Haven't you got a pair with lighter tips?"

Nothing daunted, the salesman produced a variation that he hoped would be satisfactory.

"I'm one of them fellows that it ain't hard to suit," explained the customer, as he tried on the second pair.

"How do you like that?" asked the salesman.

"First rate! Just about the thing—only the last pair I had like these scuffed up pretty bad when they got hit with a stick. You see, I know shoes when I see them. It don't take me long to pick out what I want."

Here's a pair of genuine box calf. The finest on the market. We guarantee that and will return your money if they don't wear well and give every satisfaction."

"The dence you will? Well, you must have considerable faith in them. By Jove, they are a fine looking set of wearables. I shouldn't wonder but what they were just the thing for some people. My feet are too tender for such heavy goods."

"Well, here's a nice pair of patent leathers."

"Yes, that's a pretty shoe. Do you know, I always liked patent leather. So dressy, don't you know, and so convenient. Some people say they don't wear well. Why, I never had a bad pair of them in my life. Only \$6 too. That's cheap. The only objection I've got to patent leather is that my friends have the insane idea that only dudes and millionaires should wear them, and it makes them think I'm extravagant in my tastes. A plain, blunt, straightforward fellow like me hates to be misunderstood, and so I give up patent leathers for the sake of my friends. We all have to make sacrifices, don't you know. Look at the scores of people that you have to wait on. Most of 'em don't know what they want, and it takes them most of an afternoon to pick out a pair. Look at the sacrifices you have to make to humor them."

"Oh, yes, but we get used to it. We size up our customers as you do your friends, and sometimes have a peculiar method for each one. Now, in the present instance you know what you want. There can be no doubt of that. But, you see, I'm such a blockhead that I can't figure it out. Now, there are two windows full of shoes of all kinds. The prices are marked on them. Suppose you go there and pick out the pair that suits you."

The customer sized up the window display.

"Here it is," he said, as he drew a sample shoe from its place. "Give me a pair of No. 7's like this."

The salesman smiled as he all smile when our surmises are found to be correct. The price mark told the public that that pair could be bought for \$12.50.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Pays for the Privilege.

Some amusing episodes are related in the Frankfurter Zeitung from the annals of the Illipianian state of Liechtenstein. The nobilities of the capital, Vaduz, in 1816, sent a deputation to Prince John I and informed him with republican frankness that they had, it was true, nothing to say against being governed by him, but that they would not pay for it, especially as he was very rich. They would also rather keep the 50 men and the drummer at home—the prince was obliged to supply these for the federal army—as they could be better employed there.

His serene highness was an exceedingly rich man, and said, "Dear children, I do not want your money, and will gladly govern for nothing. I will also leave you your 50 men and the drummer and procure them from somewhere else for the federal army out of my own pocket."

So said, so done. The prince got the 50 men and the drummer from Austria, and ruled without any salary. Then in 1836, when a new prince ascended the throne, it occurred to his subjects that they were making a bad bargain and that their ruler ought to pay for the privilege of being head of the state. The prince gracefully acceded, and he and his successors have contributed a yearly sum to the budget ever since.

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One Hen One Day One Mill

It costs a mill a day—one cent every ten days—to make a hen a lively layer when eggs are high. With SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER, calculate the profit. It helps young pullets to laying maturity, makes the plumage glossy, makes combs bright red.



Sheridan's CONDITION POWDER

fed to fowls once daily, in a hot mash will make all their feed doubly effective. It also makes the feed doubly palatable. If you can't buy it we will send you a sample. A two pound can costs 30 cents. A one pound can costs 15 cents. S. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE FRANK JONES BREWING CO. OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Have just completed a new system for bottling the

OLD INDIA-PALE ALE

It is bright and sparkling and has a nice creamy taste, and is prescribed by the doctor generally as a sedative for nervous people. There are but few medicines equal to this ale. Many people who are water-drinkers take a glass taken at night secures them a continuing and refreshing sleep. As a tonic for ladies and, in fact, it is to be equal.

Directions:—One small glass full four times a day, before eating and going to bed.

It is a food as well as a medicine. It is bottled by the Newfields Bottling Co. only.

TWO GREAT SALES NOW GOING ON.

Our January Sale Of
MUSLIN UNDERWEAR
Our Mark-Down Sale Of
WINTER JACKETS.

BIG MONEY CAN BE SAVED BY TAKING
ADVANTAGE OF THESE SALES.

LEWIS E. STAPLES,
7 Market Street.

A DRUGGIST

Nowadays....

Not only must have a complete knowledge of drugs, but to sell pure drugs he must know their adulterations; he must know just what to look for. We have that knowledge. We sell pure drugs and are careful.

Goodwin E. Philbrick,
Franklin Block,
Portsmouth, N. H.

Auction Of
FARM STOCK AND TOOLS,
Monday, Feb. 12 at 10 a. m.,

At the "Abelino Robinson" farm now occupied by C. E. Liddon, on the Sherburne Road, Portsmouth, N. H., near the Trotting park.
Sale will include: eleven cows, including two new milch cows, two good work horses, about twelve tons of first class hay, about forty tons of ensilage, one horse-power ensilage power, one corn planter, one Democrat wagon, one farm wagon, one driving sleigh, one Travers runner pump, one double sleigh, heavy, one hay rake, one mowing machine, one harrow, one cultivator, one horse hoe and numerous other articles.
Terms, cash. Sale positive Monday, Feb. 12 at 10 a. m., regardless of weather.
Property can be inspected at any time by applying to the owner, C. E. Liddon.

John G. Tobey, Jr., Auctioneer.

The scarcity and continued high price of Havana tobacco has had no effect on the quantity of

THE CELEBRATED

7-20-4

10 CENT CIGARS.
They have always maintained their high standard. Strictly hand-made Sumatra wrapper and long Havana filler. For sale by all first-class dealers

At Wholesale in Portsmouth by
FRED S. WHEELER, J. H. SWETT,
Deer and Market Sts., Bridge St.

R. C. SULLIVAN,
MANUFACTURER,
Manchester, N. H.

Stoddard's
Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH
NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handsomest and most comfortable turn-out in the state at

STODDARD'S.

NEW HACKS, FOR WEDDINGS AND
OTHER PARTIES

TELEPHONE 1-2.

SALE AND LIVERY BUSINESS

THE HERALD.

FRIDAY, FEB. 2, 1900.

CITY BRIEFS.

The coldest yet.
Candlemas day.
Robert Mantell tonight.
The groundhog could see his shadow, today.
It was nine below at 6 o'clock this morning.

Now for the short, sweet month of Valentine.

Music hall will be a busy place for the rest of the theatrical season.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress street.

Robert B. Mantell, the greatest of romantic actors, will appear at Music hall tonight.

This cold spell came on so suddenly that it seemed considerably worse than it really was.

There is yet time for some real, old-fashioned winter weather, before the crocuses bud.

There is no doubt that a number of the pickpocket fraternity are following the Bryan party.

The Jefferson club took on more life, Thursday, the 1st inst., than it has in a long, long time.

The "S. G." Londres is made of the choicest stock and is the best ten cent cigar in the market.

Local politicians find the Goebel shooting fracas down in Kentucky a fruitful topic of discussion.

Local entertainments, balls and parties were all shelved on Thursday evening, the 1st inst., for Sag Harbor.

Degrees were worked at the regular meeting of Osgood lodge, I. O. O. F., on Thursday evening, the 1st inst.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article.

St. Valentine's day is less than two weeks away. The comic and the sentimental valentines are now on display.

The number of people from other towns who came in to Portsmouth to see and hear Bryan fell far short of democratic expectations.

The Corse Payton Southern Stock company is the first of Payton's combinations to be booked at Music hall. It will be there all next week.

The courtesy of Col. Norris is giving the members of the press an opportunity of grasping the hand of Col. Bryan, was greatly appreciated by the scribes.

The fox hunters say that the foxes have begun to shed their hair, thus indicating an early spring. The pussy willows, and dandelions will soon be along.

The special sale at the Meat department of the Globe Grocery Co., on Saturday only will be 2100 lbs of Fowl and 2600 lbs Turkeys, all at 12 1/2 cents a pound.

One gentleman has suggested that a class in oratory be formed among the young men of the city who desire to be come public speakers and that some good instructor be secured to come to the city once a week, or oftener, to give instruction. He thinks that there are enough to form a good sized class if an interest in the matter could be started.

FURNACES IN THE STEEL PLANT TESTED.

The mammoth furnaces connected with the big steel plant at the navy yard, were tested on Thursday under the supervision of Constructor Tawney and Master Outside Shipfitter Brown. These furnaces are to be used in heating and bending large steel plates for construction and repair of steel ships. The plant is now second to none in the country and is modern in every way.

How Can Any One Hesitate?
To drag ourselves through our round of duties, when nerves are undrained and the vital force within us at a low ebb is misery. Yet how many have out their lives in this needless, despairing way, pressed down with disease. Life is too precious to waste in this hopeless way. Don't be satisfied to drag out a wretched existence when you whole life can easily be made bright and cheerful by consulting Dr. Cassen's, the world renowned specialist in nervous and chronic diseases, and explaining your case to him fully. If a child is taken to Dr. Cassen's office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., but it can be at a distance, write him confidentially all about your case and you will receive his advice without charge, whether you call or write. He has helped thousands of thousands. His great remedy, Dr. Cassen's Nervine, has brought sunshine into many darkened homes, and he has discovered many other wonderful medicines for the cure of all ailments. You can trust his advice and his skill. He will make you strong and well.

OFFERED A POSITION AT CAVITE.

C. E. Tilton, clerk in the general store at the navy yard, has been tendered a transfer and promotion with duty at Cavite, P. I. His orders read to sail on Feb. 10th.

THEIR OFF DAY.

Believers in the Candlemas Day Whim are Feeling Blue.

We are yet to have the worst of the winter, according to the whim of the believers in the Candlemas day saws, which read:

"If candlemas day be fair and bright, Then winter will take another flight.
If candlemas day be cloudy or rain, Then winter's gone. Won't come again," and,

"Just so far as the sun shines, just so far will the snow blow."

If these whims be true, then we are in it for a week of winter's three month's last half of the game of snow drifts and icicles. The day has been a perfect one, the sun shining as bright as it ever did during a month of February.

"Half of the pork and half of the hay" may have been used to feed the family and nourish the beast, but the entire supply of salted swine and "cow fodder" must be devoured before there are indications of the croaking of the frogs and the return of the twitter of the birds.

ONE YEAR IN JAIL.

York Man Sentenced For Assault and Kittery Man For Larceny.

In the supreme court at Saco on Thursday, Judge Strout sentenced the prisoners against whom indictments were found at the present term who have since pleaded guilty or been tried and found guilty by a jury.

Among the sentences were the following: William Webber of York, assault with a dangerous weapon, one year in the county jail at Alfred.

George A. Perkins, a quack doctor of Kittery, larceny, 30 days in the county jail. He stole an overcoat and money from Harlan Knight at Dodge's boarding house.

JOHN W. LEAVITT APPOINTED.

John W. Leavitt of Dover who is now employed as a ship keeper at the navy yard has been reinstated in the civil service. He was removed under President Cleveland's term from the general store at the navy yard and being a veteran he was reinstated under Rule 9. Mr. Leavitt's orders are for him to report at the Boston navy yard for duty in the department of supplies and accounts. This is probably an error in his orders and they will no doubt be modified to apply to this station.

TOUCHED BY A PICKPOCKET.

James Wheeler, the government boatman at this port, had thirty-two dollars in money, some papers and other valuables picked from his pockets, on Thursday forenoon, while engaged in the Bryan exercises. He reported his loss to the police, but at last accounts the thief had not been apprehended. The job was probably done by one of the professional pickpockets who are traveling along with Mr. Bryan and his party, to work the crowds.

OBSEQUIES.

Funeral services over the late Miss Sarah Fowler Plumer were held in the Rockingham parlors, on Thursday forenoon, at eleven o'clock, Rev. George W. Gile officiated. Directly afterwards, Undertaker O. W. Ham turned the body over to Undertaker Brown of Epping, and it was taken to that town on the 12 45 o'clock train, for interment in the Plumer burial plot.

RED HOT FROM THE GUN

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. The Buckle's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures cuts, bruises, burns, boils, felons, corns, skin eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

PERKINS-NICKERSON.

Charles E. Perkins and Susie E. Nickerson were united in marriage in this city on Thursday by the Rev. William Warren of the Methodist church. The couple came here from Orr's Island, Maine.

TO GIVE A DANCING ASSEMBLY.

Messrs. Joseph S. Stackpole and R. D. McDonough are to give an informal dancing assembly in Pelree hall on Monday evening, the 12th inst.

SENT TO BRENTWOOD

Paddy Ryan was before the police court this morning on a complaint of drunkenness and got six months.

It's folly to suffer that horrible plague of the night, itching piles. Doan's Ointment cures, quickly and permanently. At any drug store, 50 cents.

THEATRICAL HAPPENINGS.

SAG HARBOR.

James A. Herne and a capable supporting company put on Sag Harbor at Music hall, Thursday evening, to very nearly the capacity of the playhouse. The production was staged with the same faithful attention to detail which characterized its long run at the Park theatre, Boston. Scarcely any of the house properties were required. This went far toward making the performance a success.

The cast was meritorious throughout in this "new play" founded upon "an old story." Mr. Herne has associates highly creditable to the profession, such names as Frank Monroe, Forrest Robinson, Sidney Booth, W. T. Hodge, Mrs. Sol Smith, Marion Abbott, Jessie Dodd and Harriet McDonald figure on the programme, together with the famous author-actor's charming daughters, Julie and Chrystal, who have the true conception of their parts in the play.

Sag Harbor's action runs through four acts, affording interesting shifts of scene. The piece is somewhat after the style of Shore Acres, which has done more, probably, than anything else to bring Mr. Herne fame and fortune. The close, like that of Shore Acres, is so unique and delightful that it bears the Herne trademark plainly.

Portsmouth was fortunate in being privileged to see the identical company that presented the play in Boston, for Sag Harbor tours New England only two or three weeks now and then and jumps to Chicago for an indefinite period. There is sentiment and romance and not a little comedy in the play, all hanging on a plot that engrosses the attention alike of the man in the front row downstairs and the more ordinary chap in the gallery. It is a play of the people—they can readily understand it, and enjoy it. Perhaps this largely explains its extraordinary popularity.

A POWERFUL STORY.

Robert B. Mantell in a new play entitled The Dagger and the Cross will be at Music hall on Friday, Feb. 2. The story of the drama is a betrayal of a wife by a false friend of the husband; the husband and wife go to another country; the libertine follows; former relations are about to be renewed when the husband avails himself of a quarrel between the libertine and a lover of another victim of the libertine's, to rid the earth of a monster. He is happily disposed of; an innocent man is charged with the crime. The poor, harassed wife dies, the husband's devotion and rare consideration has been demonstrated, yet there remains an awful penance for him. He inverts his dagger, repairs to the scene of his crime, confesses and dies.

PACKED HOUSES EVERYWHERE.

Corse Payton's Big Stock company, which comes to Music hall for one solid week, commencing next Monday night, in The Parisian Princess, is the largest company of the kind which has ever appeared in this city.

The company is being greeted by packed houses everywhere, attaining success and merit it. There is an abundance of bright and pleasing specialties introduced between the acts by such clever people as Denno & Manley, J. Dempsey, Miss Mae Russell, H. M. Jenkins, and the latest illustrated songs sung by the phenomenal baritone, James J. Brady. Mazie Molyneux and Fritz Eddie and Leslie, a troupe of acrobats. Seats now on sale for the entire engagement.

AL. G. FIELD'S MINSTRELS.

The following is from the Elmira (N. Y.) Advertiser.

It was a great audience that gathered in the Lyceum theatre last night for an evening with the Al. G. Field Minstrel company. The size of the house was matched by the enthusiasm occasioned by the excellent programme presented. The performances of various sorts were all "warm" and the crowd could hardly get enough of them. The first part, commonly known as the olio, was really sparkling with novelties of wit and delightful with bits of song and dance, under the skilful guidance of our own incomparable "Dan" (Quinlan as inter-louator. "The Recruiting Station" made a hit. Everhart's juggling exhibition was interesting. The "Terpsichorean quartet" was a very popular feature. Harry Blunk in monologue was simply unsurpassable. The Faust family gave a fine exhibition of the work in statutory posing. The Caledonian pastime was rich and the "Mysterious Hotel" completed an evening of the real old-fashioned thing in minstrelsy.

It is hardly necessary to add that the continuing was magnificent after the imperial fashion of the Field company. The setting at the opening of the fun was superb. An admirable orchestra furnished the music and the entire performance was of the highest class in minstrelsy.

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A BIG ADVANCE SALE.

That our theatre goers are well posted on the merits of coming attractions was again demonstrated this morning when the advance sale of seats opened for the Corse Payton Big Stock company which comes to Music hall for one solid week commencing Monday night. The demand was large and was by no means restricted to the performance of Monday night, as a large number of seats were sold for almost every night in the week. Monday night is "Ladies' Night" and any lady who desires a good seat for that evening had better exchange her tickets early as there is a lively demand for the choice seats.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Annie M. Forsaith.
Annie M., wife of John Forsaith, died at her home in this city on Thursday evening, aged seventy-one years. Besides a husband she leaves one daughter, Miss Josephine Mandelino.

George D. Spinney.
George D. Spinney, the seventeen months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Housen Spinney of McDonough street, died at midnight, Thursday night, of pneumonia. The child had been ill with the disease but a few days.

Pierpont Hammond.
The town of Eliot lost one of its oldest and most worthy citizens on Thursday in the death of Pierpont Hammond, who passed away at the age of seventy-one years, eight months and six days. He was a native of the town and had been employed on the navy yard for many years as a ship carpenter. He leaves a wife, a brother, Henry C. Hammond of Eliot and two sisters, Mrs. Mary Athorne of Eliot and Mrs. A. E. Mason of Stoneham, Mass. The funeral services will be held at the residence at 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

PERSONALS.

Bert P. Doe of Newfields was in this city on Thursday.

Col. John Pender leaves today on a trip to Washington.

Mr. E. J. Hartford of Manchester is visiting relatives in this city.

Mrs. L. M. Langley and daughter Abbie of Wellington, Mass., are visiting in this city.

Hon. Horace Mitchell is assured of the sincere and generous sympathy of everybody in the affliction that has just befallen him.

Rev. C. A. Humphries of Dorchester, Mass., will occupy the pulpit of the Unitarian church on Sunday morning, the 4th, instant.

Guy E. Corey, who has been quite ill at his home here for a number of days, has so far recovered that he expects to return to his studies at the Harvard Law school by the first of next week.

STATE EDITORIAL OPINIONS.

Massachusetts wants cheaper gas. It's a hard hit on some of her statesmen.—Nashua Press.

The young women who skate have a distinct advantage over the young men who indulge in that healthful pastime. Their "pugs" save them many an ugly bump which comes hard on the thin-skinned youth.—Dover Republican.

Anna Gould is proudly exhibiting her husband, the Count de Castellane, to curious New York. If he looks like his pictures, he may well serve as a warning to American girls not to ask their husbands across the seas.—Concord People and Patriot.

England kept her hands off in 1898. The United States will keep her hands off in 1900. Any effort to drag this country into the South African war, to aid or comfort either people, will fail. It is a good time for us to mind our own business, and that is what we shall keep on doing.—Nashua Telegraph.

Both the friends and opponents of the Fitchburg lease are evident believers in the use of printer's ink and they are keeping the Boston papers full of advertisements and other matter to support their contentions. If they rely solely on this means there will be no serious criticism.—Concord Monitor.

THEY WASTE THE WATER.

"There is nothing in which people are more wasteful than in the use of water where they have faucets of running water in the house," said an employee of the water system. He has had a chance to see the waste and probably knows whereof he speaks. Everyone, though, can remember sometime when he used a great deal more water than was necessary because it was no work to get it where he would not have used so much in case it had to be pumped or carried a distance.

WORKING NIGHT AND DAY.

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globe of health, that changes weak ness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c. per box. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.

WATER FRONT NEWS.

The steam barge William H. Moody, Moulton, arrived Feb. 2, with stone for the Boston and Maine railroad. The stone came from Rockport.

The steamer Piedmont with barges C. R. R. No. 12 and A, arrived Feb. 2, from Baltimore.

Arrived Feb. 2—Schooner Lyman P. Law, Brown, from Newport News with 1976 tons coal for J. A. and A. W. Walker.

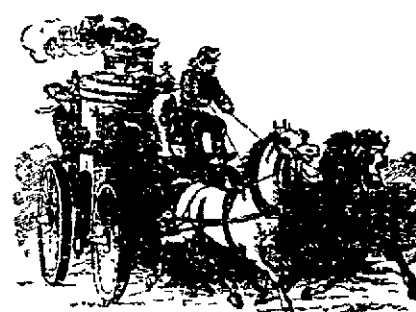
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